13

The wild orb of our orgies.
Our Timbrel; and thy gorges
Rang with this strain ; and
blended Phrygian chant
And sweet keen pipes were there.

But the Timbrel, the Timbrel was
another's..
And away to Mother Rhea it
must wend 5
And to our holy singing from the
Mother's
The mad Satyrs carried it, to
blend
In the dancing and the cheer
Of our third and perfect Year 5
And it serves Dionysus in the end
I

A Maiden.

O glad, glad on the
mountains
To swoon in the race
outworn.
When the holy fawn-skin
clings.
And all else sweeps away,
To the joy of the red quick
fountains,
The blood of the hill-goat
torn.
The glory of wild-beast raven
in:*';.
Where the hill-tops catch the
chiv •.
To the Phrygian, Lydian,
mountains I
Tis Bromios leads the way

Another Maiden.

Then streams the earth with
milk, yea, streams
With wine and nectar of the
bee,
And through the air dim
perfume steams
Of Syrian frankincense ; and
He,
Our leader, from his thyrsus
spray
A torchlight tosses high and
higher.
A torchlight like a beacon-fire,
To waken all that faint and
stray j